

The history

Pat. Out gall. Ther. Finch egge.

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus* I am thwarted quite,
From my great purpose into morrowes battell,
Here is a letter from *Queene Heub*;
A token from her daughter my faire loue
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe:
An oth that I haue sworne: I wil not breake it,
Fall Greekes, sayle fame, honour or go or stay,
My maior vow lies here; this ile obey,
Come, come, *Thersites* help to trim my tent?
This night in banquetting must al be spent, away *Patroclus*.
Ther. With to much bloud, and to little braine, these two
may run mad, but if with to much braine and to little bloud
they do ile be a curer of mad-men, her's *Agamemnon*, an ho-
nest fellow inough, and one that loues quailes, but hee has
not so much braine as eare-wax, and the goodly transfor-
mation of *Iupiter* there, his be the Bull, the primitiue statue,
and oblique memorial of cuck-olds, a thrifty shooing-horne
in a chaine at his bare legge, to what forme but that hee is,
should wit larded with malice, and malice faced with witte,
turne him to: to an Asse, were nothing hee is both Asse and
Oxe, to an Oxe were nothing, her's both Oxe and Asse, to be
a day, a Moyle, a Cat, a Fichooke, a Tode, a Lezard, an Oule,
a Puttock, or a Herring without a rowe. I would not care,
but to bee *Menelaus* I would conspire against destiny, aske
me what I would be, if I were not *Thersites*, for I care not to
be the Louse of a Lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*—hey-day
sprites and fires.

Enter *Agam*: *Vlisses*, *Nest*: and *Diomed* with lights.

Aga. We go wrong we goe wrong.

Aiax. No, yonder tis there where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you. *Aiax*. No not a whit.

Vlis. Here comes himselfe to guide you.

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Aga. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid God night,

Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greekes general.

Aene. Good night my Lord.

Hect.

of *Troilus* and *Cresseida*.

Hect. Good night sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught, sweet quoth a, sweet sinke, sweet sure.

Achil. Good night and welcome both to those that go or
tarry. *Aga*. Good night. *Exeunt Agam*: *Menelaus*.

Achil. Old *Nector* carries, and you to *Diomed*.

Keepe *Hector* company an houre or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,
The tide whereof is now, good night great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vlis. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calcas* tent, ile keepe you
company. *Troy*. Sweet sir you honor me?

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent. *Exeunt*.

Ther. That same *Diomed* a false hearted roague, a most vn-
iust knaue, I will no more trust him when hee leeres, then I
will a serpent when hee hisses, hee will spend his mouth and
promise like brabler the hound, but when he performs, *As-*
tronomers foretell it, it is prodigious, there will come some
change, the Sonne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed*
keepe his word, I will rather leaue to see *Hector* then not
to dog him, they say hee keepe a Trojan drab, and vses the
traytor *Calcas* tent. Ile after---nothing but letchery all in-
continent varlots. *Enter Diomed*.

Dio. What are you vp here for? speake? *Chal*. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* I thinke wher's your daughter?

Cal. She comes to you.

Vlis. Stand, where the torch may not discouer vs.

Troy. *Cressid* comes forth to him. *Enter Cressid*.

Dio. How now my charge.

Cres. Now my sweet gardian, harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea so familiar?

Vlis. Shee will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if hee can take her *Cliff*,

she's noted. *Dio*. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember yes: (your words.

Dio. Nay but do then and let your minde be coupled with

Troy. What shall she remember. *Vlis*. List?

Cres. Sweet hony Greeke tempt me no more to folly.

K 2

Ther.